

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier.

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on reasonable terms.
This above House has within the last three
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fitted, and furnished from cellar to attic with
new furniture, and is a most desirable home
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Selected Poetry.

—All We ask is to be Let Alone—

As once I walked by a dismal swamp,
There sat an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
And whenever he found his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I love to shy
These bits of things at the passers by—
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in—
Let me alone, I'm rigging a boat
To grab whatever you've got about—
In a week or so I expect to come
And turn you out of your house and home—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he with a groan—
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same way,
Another Old Cove, and began to say—
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!"
You've axed let alone—a darned sight too long—
Of all the axes that I ever heered!
Put down that stick! (You may well look
skewered)

Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than any kite.
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
And I'll have my hardware back and my cash
And knock your saw into ternal smash,
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and t'other Old Cove
He set quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolv'd slow
Vether I were safe to shy it or no—
And he grumbled on in an injured tone,
All that I axed you, LET ME ALONE.

MRS. FAIRHAVEN'S VISIT.
BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"Merwin."

"Well, what is it?" was the reply, in a
cold tone, for Mr. Burton knew by the
intonation and the pause after his name,
that his wife had something to say which
she hesitated about uttering.

"I called at Mrs. Castello's this fore-
noon, when I came from the store, and
she showed me such a nice parlor stove.
It only cost twelve dollars! She said
there was one more just like it at En-
sign's. I do wish you would buy it!"

"Don't you know the taxes must be
paid next month?"

"Yes, but Mr. Heywood's note falls
due this week, and you know he is pun-
ctual to a day."

"That will have to go for two stacks
of hay I bought yesterday. I should
not take any comfort if I got trusted for
them."

"I thought you intended to sell off
part of the cattle and two colts."

"Prices are too low this winter. I
think I can make more to keep them
through."

The silence that here came was not
agreeable to either. Mrs. Burton saw
that another winter of self-denial must
follow the many that had passed since
their marriage. For the first few years
she had borne deprivations cheerfully,
with a brave heart, for she knew they
were planting the soil wide and deep
with seed, that would spring up and bear
abundance for all future necessities, and
many of the elegancies of life; but as
the years passed on, and the small farm
swelled to almost numberless acres, cov-
ering the adjoining hills and meadows,
yet leaving the desire for more still un-
checked in her husband's mind, she began
to be discouraged, and fear that they
never should enjoy but a tithing of the
wealth they had labored so hard to ac-
quire.

Mr. Burton was not really a penurious
man. He often gave freely in charity,
and any expenses in improvements for
the comfort of his stock were promptly
incurred; but to lay out money for con-
veniences in the house, seemed like a
dead loss to his capital, taking from it
and bringing no return.

Husband and wife had been gradually
separating in thought for a long time,
and they now saw things from a very dif-
ferent stand-point, and only because Mr.
Burton had rather the strongest mind,
and held that controlling power which
the strong ever hold over the weak,
were they kept from harsh words
and bickerings that turn, one by one,

to fretting steel, the silken threads
of love. But the controlling power was
not always strong enough to fetter thought,
and very bitter ones sometimes arose, as
they did now.

"It did not come very hard to take
fifty dollars to buy a silver plated harness,
when he had two good ones in the barn;
and now refuse me a stove that only costs
one-fourth as much, when I need it so
badly. I have not a decently painted
room in the whole house, and that new
barn down to the east lot, that no one
sees a dozen times a year, had to be of
just such a shade, and the posts and cor-
nice of a different color to make a good
contrast; but anything will do for a wife!"

and her foot patted the floor restlessly,
and her lips closed firmly over a choking
sob, smothering it; for she was too in-
dignant to let it reach her husband's
ears.

"I wish she would not ask me for stoves,
chairs, and everything else. I am sure
things were good enough once, and I
don't see why they are not now!" said
Mr. Burton to himself, in a vain attempt
to call back a complacent feeling.

"Twelve dollars is not much, I know,
but it will buy a ton and a half of hay,
and that will almost keep those colts
through the winter, and they will bring
seventy dollars apiece next fall, and I
guess that will do us more good than us-
ing the parlor a half-dozen times, when
the dining-room will answer."

The stillness, only broken by his wife's
slippers pattering the hard floor, grew
every moment more oppressive, and with a
remark, "that he must go out and see
what sort of work that new carpenter
made," he passed into the back stoop,
and in examining the job, which exactly
suited him, forgot about the stove and
all its concomitant annoyances.

Four weeks more, and winter, which
had dallied with alternate smiles and
frowns, settled down into her most som-
bre mood. The snow lay in huge drifts
over the tops of the highest fences, and
the road, packed like the hardest alu-
minum, grew smooth under each step, till
they became glary like the ice-bound
waters. Everybody that owned, or could
hire a horse and sleigh, seemed to be
out, and bells jingled in all directions.
Mr. Burton, with his splendid cream-
s, and dashing harness and cutter, would
have been in his element flying over the
frozen roads, but, unfortunately, an un-
lucky step in the commencement of the
storm had sent him prostrate to the
ground, and when he arose, it was with
a badly sprained ankle, and, for the first
time in his life, he was a prisoner within
the four walls of his home. The ther-
mometer stood at a hundred and one, and
Mrs. Burton, who had a dozen pies to
make, thinking it too cold to go out into
the open, airy kitchen, had gathered her
materials into the dining room, and with
sleeves rolled up, was busily putting the
finishing touches to the first six, when
an exclamation from her husband made
her turn around, and she caught sight of
a sleigh passing the side window. Wom-
an-like, her next glance was was around
the room, and her cheek crimsoned at
the unusual disorder. Mr. Burton, with
the restlessness of a half-sick man, had
gathered about him a dozen old papers,
a plate of apples, and a broken whip,
with strips of leather to mend it. Elsie
and Unice, the two youngest children,
taking advantage of their mother's pre-
occupation, had reached down with a
broom a shawl, and had covered a group
of chairs for a play-house; and then her
own work spread out over the whole
table, spices, mince-meat, flour and
plates, casting a double look of disorder
over everything. But there was not
time to even replace a chair before the
knock came, and she opened the door to
admit the last person on earth she would
like to see, the stylish—and as report
said, rather gossiping Mrs. Fairhaven,
of Norwalk. She was an old girlhood
acquaintance, who had resided east since
her marriage, till the previous fall, and
this was a return visit, for the one Mr.
Burton had insisted on making them at
an early day. Mrs. Burton was aware
that her husband had once taken quite a
fancy to her visitor, and if Mr. Fairhaven
had not stepped in before any proposal
had been made, Mrs. Fairhaven might
possibly have been Mrs. Burton, and all
lady readers can imagine that this did

not add to the pleasantness of her feel-
ings, at her present surroundings. She
understood at the time of her visit, though
Mr. Burton did not dream of it, his evi-
dent anxiety that she should look her
best, in her new silk dress and set of
canes purchased for the occasion, and
the training and curvetting of his horses
to make them show off to the best advan-
tage, and now to have them come to such
a home, and to find that home in disor-
der, was too aggravating, and she felt
that if she could bury her head in the
dreariest, coldest nook in the house, it
would be bliss to what she must pass
through. But Mrs. Burton was, at heart,
too much of a lady, and understood her
duty as hostess too well, to let her an-
noyance be seen; and sought for the
easiest chair, inwardly contrasting it with
the elegant brocade covered one which
had been offered her at her visitor's
home; and with a few apologies over her
baking, proceeded in a quiet, unobtru-
sive manner to arrange the room. Mrs.
Fairhaven's little Elsie, an active, boister-
ous child, was with her, and with Mrs.
Burton's two children, who were ever
ready to follow a leader, they made the
room vocal with noise. In vain were all
side frowns and shakes of the head; and
Mrs. Burton seeing that a moment's un-
disturbed conversation was not to be
hoped for, went into the deserted kitchen,
and filling the stove with the driest
wood from the wood-house, soon had a
warm fire; then bringing a pair of pop-
corn, and dish of chestnuts and apples,
called the children out to enjoy them-
selves alone.

In the lull that followed, an hour passed
by quietly, the gentlemen recalling
memories of olden times, and Mrs. Fair-
haven almost going into ecstasies over
her beautiful home east, and her splen-
did furniture, and gay neighbors, that
never left her an hour of dullness. It
was very trying to listen to all this with
a mind pre-occupied by the scanty tea-
set and the one lamp, and the din now
and then from the kitchen that forebod-
ed mischief. But Mrs. Burton listened
patiently, offering a remark now and
then, and giving the few affirmative an-
swers expected of her, till her visitor,
tiring of her theme, turned to her hus-
band to relate something he had forgot-
ten. Then she arose, to make prepara-
tions for the tea, that, now the days were
so short, could not be on the table before
dark. On trying the kitchen door, she
found it fast, but after a few endeavors,
managed to open it a little, and such a
sight as met her eye. They had tied the
door with the clothes-line, and the three
children, Elsie at their head, were march-
ing up and down, with their faces black
as coal could make them, playing "In-
dian." Their hair was all stuck up on
top of their heads, with some substance,
as we see the pictures of Indian chiefs,
and Elsie had a pair of smutty trousers
swung over her belt, and a fire-shovel up-
right in his hand, and every few moments
they would give a whoop that made the
old kitchen ring as if inhabited by wild
beasts.

All this was very ludicrous, yet at that
particular moment, rather aggravating,
when every moment of time seemed of
double value. It would never do to take
Mrs. Fairhaven's boy to her in such a
plight, so Mrs. Burton passed around to
a side-door, and taking some warm water,
that happily was on the stove, tried to
bring out the real color. That was a
much easier task than cleansing the hair,
which was matted up with some sub-
stance resembling molasses. The tried
mother looked around for an explana-
tion, and saw that she had carelessly left
a crock of boiled cider on the dresser
and the busy boy had mounted a
chair, and, as little Elsie said, fed them
all they wanted, then used it as a pos-
sumat for their hair. Between the coal
and the molasses and sooty tongs, his nice
sacque was of as many colors as Joseph's
coat, and Mrs. Burton fervently ejacu-
lated, for the first time in her life—

"Well, I am thankful my children are
all girls, if this is the way boys act," and
she wiped off the worst spots on Eddy's
sacque with a wet cloth, and combed out
the last tangle from his sticky hair, then
sent him in to his mother, so that she
could hurry to the well for a pail of wa-
ter.

The dining-room was of decent size,

but Mr. Burton, with an extra chair for
his lame foot, and Mrs. Fairhaven with
her voluminous bouffants, and the spread-
out table, with the children dodging
about under foot, left but little space,
and Mrs. Burton, in her hurry, and the
embarrassment arising from having her
visitor's keen watch on every movement,
felt awkward, and of course lost her usu-
al ease, and facility of motion. But,
after an unusual delay, everything was
on the table except the lamp, and, going
to bring it, she found the chimney mis-
sing. A shining fragment here and there
on the carpet, just discernible in the
gathering darkness, told the story, and
she went back and lit her table with tal-
low candles, feeling as if she did not
much care what mortification came next.

At last, tea was over, Mrs. Fairhaven's
fair shoulders shawled by her husband's
attentive hands, and the words, "O, I
have had such a perfectly nice visit!"
still mockingly vibrating on the air when
the door closed, and the reaction came.
Sob after sob, that writhed the slight
frame, as if it would burst for utterance,
came from Mrs. Burton's lips as she sunk
down on the bed-room lounge, and wept
over her shame and mortification. It
might have been babyish to have given
away sob; but every word of her once
rival had come to her ears with a dis-
guised tone of exultation, and was all the
harder to bear, because she could only
bear, not ward it off openly in any man-
ner.

There was no cessation at the vocifer-
ations of little Elsie that the lady had left
her kitty," as she thrust Mrs. Fairhaven's
victorine in her mother's face, nor at the
sounds of a moving chair, and the words,
"Dear Nellie," that came in through the
opening door, intoned as gently as if it
would carry balm to every wound.

"O, don't cry so!" exclaimed Mr. Bur-
ton, as he shoved his chair beside her.
"I have been a perfect brute, to withhold
comforts that I would have scorned to
have kept from my horses. But forgive
me this time, and you never shall have
reason to complain again. I never real-
ized anything about it before. When
we had company, I always drove down
to the village, to show off my team, or
roamed around the farm, and came in
just at tea-time, and I challenge any one
in America to get up a better meal than
you, and so I never felt that anything
was wrong. But I saw it all to-day.
The colts shall go in the morning before
eight o'clock, and you shall have the
money, and as much more as you wish.
Catch me again making my wife get sup-
per, with the children under foot, and
the visitors choked up against the wall,
as though I couldn't furnish room for a
decent sized body."

"It never rains but it pours," is as
true in fortunate as in unfortunate oc-
currences, and Mrs. Burton awoke the
next day long before the sun, and her
children slept long after; so her morn-
ing's work was finished at an early hour,
and, with well-filled purse in hand, she
stood debating in her mind whether or
not she should have their hired man drive
her over to the village that very day, to
select a stove, when her husband's broth-
er, in a large, roomy sleigh, drove up to
the door, and insisted on their all going
home with him to spend the holidays.
Mrs. Burton gave a decided negative for
herself, but joined in urging her hus-
band to go; and, as he could offer no
objection, the children, were soon dress-
ed, and he, with his foot bolstered on
pillows, and blankets, was soon by their
side en route for the old homestead.

It is so nice to have husband and chil-
dren out of the house, when a woman
really desires to work, that Mrs. Burton
felt quite an elation of spirit, as she huddled
up for a ride to the village. She had
cordial permission to purchase what-
ever she thought best, and money enough
to pay for what she bought; and as there
was no one to wait upon, or look after,
"she would see," as she said to herself,
"what could be accomplished in a week."

Winter is a leisure time with most
men, so she easily found a painter to
commence work that very afternoon;
then she selected wall paper for her par-
lor, dining-room and kitchen; and car-
pets, and oil-cloth, and window-shades to
match, and was back to her own house
with a new stove in the sleigh, just as
the clock told the hour of noon.

Jacob, their hired man, assisted her
to tear up the old carpet, and remove
the furniture, and it was then but a few
moments' work to join the pipe, set up
the stove, and have a nice fire by the
time the painter arrived with his ready-
prepared materials. There was but lit-
tle wood-work in the rooms, except the
doors, and as they kept a fire all night,
the second coat, which was all that was
needed, was ready for the paper-hangers
on the fourth day. One more journey
was made to the village, to select chairs,
tables, a set of crockery, and a few other
articles, and then the parlor received
its finishing touch by tacking down a nice
carpet, and the sitting-room grew cosy
and comfortable by the addition of a
plain ingrain stretched over its ample di-
mensions. The cold, desolate kitchen,
that only needed a few patches of mor-
tar to make it tight, was fixed up, and
grained in imitation of oak, papered in
warm, rich colors, and the floor, cov-
ered with neat oil-cloth. After it was all
done, it was christened the "dining-room,"
and a nice room it made, with the door
of the pantry opening into it, and another
door, leading into a smaller apart-
ment, now called a "store-room."

"The pleasantest room in the whole
house, said Mrs. Burton, complacently,
to Susan, a smart girl, who had been hir-
ed for the week, as she turned from a
side window, that took a view of the
church in the distance, with a white cot-
tage nestled here and there, and then a
long stretch of forest and meadow land;
"and so it should be where one must
live and work most of the time, every-
thing should be cheerful to make the
heart cheerful, and then the hands, like
the clock's, will move uniform with the
great pulse-beat."

It was all done—the hired girl paid
and sent home, and Mrs. Burton drew
up her low rocking-chair before the
glossy grate, to rest and think. Her
heart was pulsing with happiness; not
that which springs from gratified pride,
but the feeling that comes from the at-
tainment of what one knows is a right,
long hoped for, long labored for, de-
sired of, and then suddenly possessed.

The cakes were baking in the oven,
the table set in all its glory of new crock-
ery—for Mrs. Burton was momentarily
expecting her husband, when Mrs. Fair-
haven called for the missing victorine.
There was a stare, and look of surprise,
but all comments were suppressed as she
rapidly glanced into a chat, which was pro-
longed till Mrs. Burton persuaded her to
lay aside her wrappings, and take an early
tea with her; and, if at her other visit
she left with any exultation of spirit over
her early friend, she felt none now, as
she saw, through the open hall door, the
true, genuine look of affection and love,
as husband and wife met after their week's
separation, and listened to the outpouring
praises given her for her work of the last
few days.

"Your New Year's present, Nellie!"
in an undertone, as his wife took up a
package from the desk, and if anything
could have shown the genuineness of the
change in Mr. Burton's mind, it was the
gifts that came to sight as she cut the
strings—the commencing numbers of two
popular monthlies, so ardently yearned
and asked for, long denied, and now
coming unexpected, free-will offerings
from her husband.—Arthur's Magazine
for May.

THE ZOUAVE STYLE OF ANSWERING
A LEGAL REQUISITION. A gentlemanly-
looking man called to see the leader of
Wilson's Zouaves, and was invited into
his quarters, and treated with true sol-
dierly hospitality. The visitor at length
assumed a serious look, and produced a
paper from his pocket.

"Here is a writ of *habeas corpus*," said
the stranger, giving a legal document to
Col. Wilson. "It commands you to sur-
render to me the body of Francis Wright."
"Why do you want his body?" asked
the colonel.

"He is not sixteen," was the response.
"Here," said Col. Wilson, addressing
a subordinate officer, "find Francis
Wright, take off his coat, vest, shirt,
boots, stockings and hat, and deliver his
body to this rascal."

The lawyer found that, before he could
remove the body of Francis Wright from
the island, it would be necessary to sup-
ply him with a new wardrobe, and con-
sequently the body was temporarily left
while the legal messenger went in quest
of appropriate habiliments.

The Bethel Courier: A Home Paper.

WAR NEWS.

New York, June 10. A Washington dispatch to the Times says it is more than probable that the Spanish Government will decline to receive Carl Schurz.

Col Fremont returns in the next steamer with 10,000 rifles.

Beauregard is said to have stated that he intended concentrating 60,000 men at Manassas Gap, and make their position impregnable and when the Federal forces are spent in trying to dislodge them, then he is going to utterly overwhelm and destroy them.

A gentleman from Beaufort, N. C., states that men and arms are plenty there, but no cash. Farmers complain of receiving scrip, and think Union clubs will be formed there, if backed by the government.

The Government is in possession of many letters from Northern men to Southerners, showing that there are yet many traitors in the North.

CINCINNATI, June 10. A special dispatch to the Commercial from Indianapolis says there are two regiments there expecting marching orders soon. Quartermaster Vajen left for New York and Montreal last night to close a contract for 4000 Mule riders. Over 100 companies have organized under the new militia law, all well armed and equipped.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo, June 9. A New Mexican mail of the 3th has been received. Colonel G. B. Crittenden, Major Longstreet, Lieut. McNeal and several other officers of the army have resigned and had left for the States.

BATTLE AT GREAT BETHEL!

SIX FEDERAL TROOPS ENGAGED IN IT.
30 FEDERAL TROOPS KILLED!
AND 100 WOUNDED.

Use of Gen. Butler's Staff Missing.

BALTIMORE, June 11. The special correspondent of the Times, who returned from Fort Monroe this morning, gives a full report of the battle of Great Bethel is about 12 miles from Fort Monroe, near the road to Yorktown, and General Butler having reliable information that the rebels had been thrown up there, and the rebel pickets were being extended, gave out orders to send out a battery of bowitzers, which soon were on the march.

A detachment composed of four 12 pounders, under Lieut. Greble, and a party of the Naval Brigade, with fishing boats, conveyed the troops across Hampton creek. The force of volunteers comprised Col. Townsend's regiment Durvay's Zouaves and Benoit's regiment, with companies of other regiments, the whole comprising nearly 3000.

They moved at half past twelve Sunday night but owing to an unfortunate mistake as to signals one regiment fired into another, the mistake not being discovered until daylight. After mutual explanations it was agreed to move on toward Bethel and the entire force marched on that place, when the rebels opened fire from a battery of rifled cannon. Our troops responded promptly, but the volley of the Infantry and their small party of bowitzers were unavailing, and a retreat was sounded and executed in good order.

Gen. Butler estimates his loss at 30 killed and 100 wounded. It is feared that Major Winthrop, aid of Gen. Butler, is killed, as he cannot be found. When the news of the retreating of our forces reached Fort Monroe, Gen. Butler repaired instantly to Newport News, and Col. Dimmick ordered additional mortars and bowitzers to be mounted on the ramparts on the land side.

About 9 o'clock in the evening, the steamer Cataline reached Fort Monroe with some of the dead and wounded. In the meantime nearly all the armed fleet proceeded up James river to Newport News Point.

Lieut. Greble was killed by a rifled cannon ball striking his forehead, and tearing away the upper portion of his head. Lieut. Col. Greenleaf is supposed to be killed.

FIRE AMONG THE SOLDIERS. A letter from Washington says: A day living luxuriously, at present, on the top of a very respectable fence, and fare sumptuously on three granite biscuits a day, and a glass of water, weakened with brandy. A high private in the twenty-second regiment has promised to let me have one of his square pocket handkerchiefs for a short the rainy night, and I never go to bed on my comfortable window lounge without thinking how many poor creatures there are in this world who have to sleep on hair mattresses all their lives. Before the great rush of Fire Zouaves and the rest of the menagerie commenced, I boarded exclusively on a front shop on Pennsylvania avenue and used to slumber, regardless of expense, in a well-conducted ash box; but the military unpolice all such accommodations now, and I give way for the sake of my country.

I tell you, my boy, we're having high old times here just now, and if they get any higher I shan't be able to afford to stay. The city is "in danger" every other hour, and, as a veteran in the Fire Zouaves remarked, there seems to be enough danger lying around loose on Arlington Heights to make a very good blood and thunder fiction in numerous pages. I shan't stand much more crowding, for my fence is full now, and there were six applications yesterday to rent an improved knot-hole. My landlord says that if more than three chaps set up housekeeping on one post, he'll be obliged to raise the rent.

Our printers say that ETHEAN SPIKE & A. WARD spell differently. How is it Ethen, you learn to spell correctly under your Horaby schoolmaster?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE WAR IN AMERICA.

Meeting of Americans in Paris.

In the House of Commons on the 30th, Lord John Russell intimated that an Englishman had been forced into the militia at New Orleans, but the British Consul there obtained his release. Other similar instances of impressment had occurred in the Southern States, but they appear to have been unauthorized, and assurances had been received from the Montgomery Government that they would not sanction such acts.

In a speech on the paper duty, Lord John Russell strongly deprecated the exultation with which Sir John Ramsden had alluded to the bursting of the bubble of democracy in America. In common with the great bulk of his countrymen, he (Lord John Russell) was pained at the civil war which had arisen from the accursed poison of slavery left there by England, and which had clung around them like a poisoned garment from the first hour of their independence.

The London Times, in an article on the American blockade and England's position on the question, urges that now while it is yet true, European governments should come to an understanding on the subject and adopt a public law.

The American citizens in Paris favorable to the Union brokefasted together in the Hotel du Louvre on the 29th. About one hundred and fifty attended, and of whom one third were ladies including the wife of Gen. Scott. Mr. Comblin presided. Resolutions were adopted, pledging the meeting to maintain the Union under any circumstances.

Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister, said that since his arrival in France, he could detect no unfriendly feeling on the part of France to the United States, and certainly no French citizen would be found among the privateersmen. He expressed his conviction that the rebellion would be put down.

Cassius M. Clay spoke at length, and was emphatic in his comments on the conduct of England in recognizing Southern belligerent rights. He declared that if ever the flag of England was associated with the black flag of the South, the Star Spangled Banner of the United States and Tri-color of France would be seen together against her, for France had not forgotten St. Helena.

Hon. Anson Burlingame spoke on the same topic. Col. Fremont was next called upon, and was received with enthusiasm. He made a quiet and moderate speech. He regretted the fanatical war, and felt confident it would end in the triumph of truth and justice. He had been called back to America, and would lose no time in responding. He was ready to give his best services to the country.

Rev. Dr. McClintock followed. He said he did not attach any importance to the muttering of the English press. The people of England had not yet spoken; and when they did speak, their voices would not be found on the side of piracy and slavery.

Capt. Simons, of the U. S. Army, said he was on his way home in obedience to the summons of Gen. Scott.

Mr. Halstead, Minister to Vienna, and Rev. Mr. Thayer also spoke. All the speakers evinced not the slightest doubt of the final triumph of the North.

ANECDOTE OF THE CAMP.—We understand that a few days since His Excellency, Gov. Washburn, attempted to pass the lines of Camp Hamlin, and was challenged by the Guard who demanded the counterpane. The Governor inquired, "Don't you know me?" "No," was the response, with a shake of the head. "I am the Governor—Governor Washburn," blantly remarked the Commander-in-Chief. "You can't come that dodge, recollect the full sentinel, two Governor Washburns have already passed the lines to-day.—Both Times.

"THE LIFE OF THE FLESH IS IN THE BLOOD," was said by inspiration long before Harvey's discovery of its circulation had brought to light its purposes and uses. Now we know not only that "life is in the blood" but that disease inhabits it also. Many of the disorders that pervade the human frame, have their home in it, thrive and grow in it. The celebrated Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, has had regard to this important fact in making a remedy to cure these disorders.

His extract of Sarsaparilla purges out the impurities of the blood and induces a healthy action in it that expels disease. This looks reasonable, and it is true, for we know by our own experience. Seldom as we take any medicine, we have nevertheless several times been under obligations to the skill of Dr. Ayer for the relief which his remedies never fail to afford us when we are obliged to have recourse to them.—Catholic, Halifax, N. S.

FEDERAL TROOPS.—The New York Herald makes the following estimates of troops now in service of the Government:

Location.	Commander.	Men.
North side Potomac	Re. Gen. McDowell	21,000
Washington	Major Gen. Sigel	22,000
Fort Monroe	Major Gen. Butler	9,000
Pennsylvania West	Major Gen. Burn	35,000
Chesapeake Bay	Major Gen. Sigel	15,000
Calto, Va.	Major Gen. Sigel	15,000
Richmond	Major Gen. Sigel	15,000
Richmond	Major Gen. Sigel	15,000
Total.		165,000

ONE DOLLAR.—Get your money back with compound interest, and send One Dollar to L. J. VOIGT & CO., New York. See their advertisement in this paper. It speaks for itself.

THE BETHEL COURIER.

FRIDAY MORNING, June 14, 1861.

NOTICE.

The following numbers of the COURIER are wanted to complete files—Vol. 1, Nos. 1-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100.

Any one having any of the above numbers will confer a great favor by leaving them at our office.

LAKE HOUSE.—On our recent excursion to the lakes, we called at this house. It is a new house, built last season, for the accommodation of the numerous hunting, fishing, and pleasure parties that resort to Umbagog lake every season. It is situated at Abbott's Mills, in Upton, and is kept by S. F. Frost, Esq., a very pleasant and accommodating gentleman.

Mr. Wm. I. Abbott, also keeps an excellent boarding house at the same place. Mr. Abbott is a jolly, whole-souled man, and makes his guests feel at home at once. He sets a sumptuous table.

Messrs. Gilbert Tyler & Co. have just built a steamer which is to run on the lake, and will take the guests of these houses to and from the fishing and hunting grounds with dispatch. Upton is now one of the best places of summer resort in the whole lake country. Ordinarily, very good sport can be had at trout fishing at the very doors of these houses, and when it is not so, the steamer can put parties on the best grounds in a very short time, so that ladies, if they are so disposed, can enjoy this exciting sport as well as gentlemen, and without being compelled to walk a long distance for it.

THE NEW CEMETERY. We made a short visit to the cemetery this week, for the first time, and was very agreeably surprised at the beauty of the situation. It will be one of the most beautiful cemeteries in this part of the country when the lots are all graded up, fenced in and otherwise ornamented and decorated. Much has been done, and much remains yet to be done to show all its beauties. Its natural scenery and advantages are not surpassed by any. More anon.

THE VOLUNTEERS IN PORTLAND, as we are informed by Capt. Edwards, are in receipt of many favors from the citizens of the city and vicinity. Mr. Fickett, of Westbrook, made them a present of some 20 gallons of milk, on Sunday last. Mrs. Smith, formerly a resident of Newry, in this County, has made them several valuable and timely presents. It is very gratifying to the friends of the soldiers, to know that they are the objects of so much kind regard on the part of the citizens of Portland.

WE notice some signs of improvement on Main St. Surveyor Mason is at work with a large gang of men, grading up the street, paving the gutters, etc. If we could only have a good sidewalk from the Bethel House to the depot, it would be an improvement indeed.

PROFITABLE SHEEP.—Mr. A. H. Barker, of this town, sheared a four-year-old buck whose fleece weighed twelve and one-fourth pounds. This buck was formerly owned in Aroostook County, and his fleece weighed, last year, some 14 lbs., we understand.

WE want to hit Elwell one more good lick before we leave him. We have him now completely in our power, for we have left the chair Editorial and he can't return the blow. He had the impudence, last week, to say that we run five miles, away from an insignificant insect in pursuit of us. We wish him to understand that we have more courage than that. Our great grandfather served in the old French war, our grandfather in the revolution, our father in the war of 1812, and we in the Aroostook war, where we unmanfully stood draft at 5 o'clock in the morning, but for special reasons best known to us, chose to employ a substitute; and we are not the man to run from an enemy worthy of our steel. Bro. Rowell, what great exploit did Elwell perform, when he went with us to the Aroostook? He is even meaner than Tenney! Doubt our courage? How absurd, for a man whom an earthquake cannot disturb, to talk of a man's courage. Bad luck to him. Bro. Knight, won't you go to Umbagog, in place of Elwell?

After breakfast the arms were collected. Typo was provided with a five-shooting Colts shot gun (which, by-the-way carries a ball with a precision that would do credit to the best rifle), and a strong hunting knife. Rich had the six-shooter, which was presented to him by his Boston friends, last winter; Stone-hammer had a heavy double-barrelled gun, and "your old" being deemed the greenest, was entrusted with the care of a large Allen & Wheelock's rifle-pistol, and a small "bowie." Fourteen shots in all, enough for any common bear, as was remarked. We loaded up, and started, feeling, no doubt, as important as possible, at least I did. The first two miles was through a swamp. Not very bad walking, though, as it was level, and nearly dry. On coming upon the high land, Typo had the good luck to shoot a "spruce partridge," or Canada Grouse. It was well shot, and wishing it for taxidermy, Mr. Rich stopped the shot hogs with cutton from the lining of my torn coat, and hung it up, to remain until our

return. After going "Many a long and weary mile," seeing "beet" and "cat signs" at intervals, we approached the place where Mr. Cutting last saw him. Proceeding carefully a short distance, the place was arrived at where he had laid the previous night. Early in the morning he had started on Cutting's trail, of the previous night.

We followed the trail up a very steep hill, where it seemed almost impossible for a bear to climb. Unfettered, to say nothing of one in a trap, which must have hurt his foot at every step. Often we came to places where he had risen on his hind feet and walked some distance, in that position. Said Rich, "Go carefully, make the least noise you can. Let Typo and I get ahead. We did as he told us. Mark! Typo bears the clank of a chain, and disappears in the wood in the direction of the sound. In a very short time we hear a tremendous crashing through the bushes, followed by the report of Typo's gun and the shout "He's down." "No!" there he is up again, followed by another shot from Typo, and one from Rich, both of which were unnecessary, as the first shot had cut off one of his ribs, passed through his heart, and out through his other side.

The bear is on his back! A few long, mournful howls, unlike anything I ever heard before, and Brain is dead! "Now crows," and three loud shouts proclaimed the victory.

Those of your readers who have read the adventures of Gordon Cumming, in Africa, recollect that nearly always, after he had killed a large animal, as an elephant or a lion, he would sit down on the body and have a smoke. Now we, wishing to be up with him, also made a smoke over the bear, but it was a matter of necessity, as the fies would have eaten us up while skinning him, if it had not been for this. While skinning the carcass Mr. Rich remarked that this was the sixtieth bear that he had been the means of killing. We each, that is, Typo, Stone-hammer, and myself, smoked a foot. The skin, skull, hind-quarters, and feet were put in a large bag, which Cutting, who seemed a giant in strength, swung upon his shoulder, and we made another start: this time for what is called "the shute," some rips in the Cambridge river. We arrived there about half past twelve. Mr. Typo and myself, having made a fire, then started to bathe there, while Stone-hammer, taking the gun, started up stream after a trout to dine with us. A sudden shout starts us, and looking round, we see a pound-and-a-half trout swung ashore. A number more are caught, and Cutting, having made a fire, then started to bathe there, while Stone-hammer, taking the gun, started up stream after a trout to dine with us. A sudden shout starts us, and looking round, we see a pound-and-a-half trout swung ashore. A number more are caught, and Cutting, having made a fire, then started to bathe there, while Stone-hammer, taking the gun, started up stream after a trout to dine with us. A sudden shout starts us, and looking round, we see a pound-and-a-half trout swung ashore. A number more are caught, and Cutting, having made a fire, then started to bathe there, while Stone-hammer, taking the gun, started up stream after a trout to dine with us. 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